



# Ken Price The Large Sculptures

With an essay by Alex Kitnick



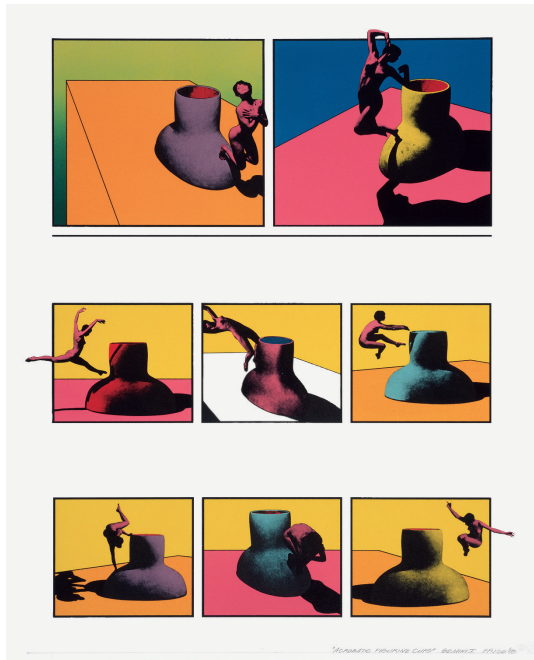


Ken Price  
*Untitled*, 1967  
Gelatin silver print and acrylic on board  
7 $\frac{3}{8}$  x 10 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches; 19 x 27 cm

## The Shape of Things to Come Alex Kitnick

In preparation for the series of *Figurine Cup* prints he made in 1970, Ken Price built a huge cup out of chicken wire, plaster, and wood. The object, which was big and round at the bottom and more tubular at the top, was made as a prop for the performer Toni Basil. A couple years before, she'd given an electrifying performance in Bruce Conner's short film *BREAKAWAY*, striking a series of suggestive poses for Conner to submit to his quick cuts and zooms.<sup>1</sup> With Price's cup, Basil performed another kind of dance, jumping on and off as if she had become its restless handle. Price captured the performance in photographs and later made a number of photolithographs that placed the results in a variety of domestic settings. The vessel itself, however, was never exhibited; it was simply a means to an end — the print. In its materials and status, the big cup was an anomaly for Price. For most of his career, he made relatively small sculptures that could be held in one's hands or placed on a table, and it's telling that in the *Figurine Cup* prints the object is shown at teacup scale, not as a person-sized thing. The cups, jugs, eggs, teapots, mounds, curios, and blobs that Price made over the course of five decades all have the feeling of something that could be possessed. He made them by hand, too, building them up from clay and then firing, glazing, and painting them. There was a symmetry between the scale of the work's production and its reception. They were handheld devices.

Later in his career, however, Price began thinking about other, larger lives for his sculptures. In a series of acrylic and ink drawings that he worked on throughout the 2000s, he pictured his sculptures nestled between the rock outcroppings of



Ken Price  
*Figurine Cup V*, 1970  
 Color lithograph  
 22 x 18 inches; 46 x 56 cm



Ken Price  
*Viewing Sculpture in Nature*, 2003  
 Acrylic and ink on paper  
 8 x 5½ inches; 20 x 14 cm  
 Private collection

his adopted New Mexico. In one image an orange spiral crowns a mountain (*High Minded*, 2009), while in another two lime-green prongs poke their way out of a valley (*Cloud-Capped*, 2009). Another print shows a polka-dotted blob inching toward a nude woman outdoors (*Viewing Sculpture in Nature*, 2003). Previously curio-sized *objets d'art*, Price's sculptures were now imagined as freak forms capable of holding their own in wild landscapes.

Finally, toward the end of his life, Price began engineering a series of works that could, in fact, sit comfortably outdoors and face the elements. Perhaps even compete with them. The first of these sculptures, *Bulgogi* (2006–11, pages 40–3), shares many features with his smaller works from the same period; it is a compilation of curves and protrusions that seemingly lacks any interior structure, but its scale nevertheless brings out the idea of a body, latent in his other work. Standing over seven feet tall on a solid white base, it is an undulating thing, a surface without seams. "The blob is all surface," the architect Greg Lynn has written, "not pictorial or flat, but sticky, thick, and mutable."<sup>2</sup> That description sticks to Price's work as well. Originally appearing in blue and looking like a lump of decomposing electromagnetic Viagra pills, Price subsequently sanded down the sculpture and resurfaced it in a burnished brown-gold more reminiscent of the work's namesake: the sizzling trays of beef strips served in Korean restaurants. Thus the body and its appetites were again made the center of attention.

This shift of scale in Price's late work posed the question of how to look at it. Typically one approached his work by imagining what it would feel like to hold, but





Ken Price  
*High Minded*, 2009  
 Acrylic and ink on paper  
 11 x 8½ inches; 28 x 22 cm



Ken Price  
*Cloud-Capped*, 2009  
 Acrylic and ink on paper  
 11 x 8½ inches; 28 x 22 cm

now that such a prospect had become impossible, one had to come up with other ways to relate. When I first encountered *Bulgogi*, in a gleaming white cube in Los Angeles, I began taking pictures with my phone. The work was a sculptural body — and seemed to demand that one encounter it as a body — but its glistening surface spoke a language somewhere between skin and screen. Its curves called me toward it, but as I approached to get a better look its golden glare pushed me back. I walked around, moving forward and back. The sculpture was constantly in play. I kept trying to figure out the best way to see it, to frame and capture it, but it remained elusive, one lump rolling into the next. It burned in the light. It was so smooth and undulating and bright that my eye could not rest on its surface for long. The way it foiled my eye seemed to suggest another form of engagement.

Indeed, Price wanted the viewer to feel his sculptures in a bodily fashion; he wanted people, in other words, to feel the work *with* their bodies. No detached contemplation would suffice. The naked woman in *Viewing Sculpture in Nature* sits on the ground with her legs open, touching herself in front of a tensed green mass of Pricean sculpture. This is not only a sculpture in nature, he seems to suggest, but also the natural way to view sculpture. Look *and* touch. This is vision with the eye fixed firmly in the flesh. There is, of course, also a bit of boy's-room humor here, and I think it's worth noting that Price rarely depicted men in his drawings. He seems to have imagined his sculptures as being *for* women — something for women to worship, moreover. And while many of Price's works read as phallic objects — see his *Go-No-Go* (2006) for one example — his practice is too polymorphous for that.



Constantin Brancusi  
*Princess X*, 1915–16  
 Polished bronze  
 24 $\frac{5}{16}$  x 15 $\frac{15}{16}$  x 8 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches;  
 62 x 40.5 x 22 cm  
 Limestone block  
 7 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 7 $\frac{1}{4}$  x 7 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches;  
 18 x 18 x 18 cm  
 Philadelphia Museum of Art: The Louise  
 and Walter Arensberg Collection, 1950

Price's sculptures exceed easy jokes; they are too slippery to pin down to any one type of sexuality or viewer. There is too much pleasure to be had skating along their surfaces. The best of them perform an operation akin to that of Constantin Brancusi's *Princess X* (1915–16), which reads as the bust of a woman when seen head on, but which looks like nothing more than a gleaming dildo when seen from the side. Price's sculptures, however, transgress even this male-female binary, picturing shades and gradations of sexuality that even Brancusi could not muster. (Price's colors, of course, are key to this effect.) Price knew where he owed his debt, and I think we must read his *Goddess Plus* (2006) and *X* (2006) as belated homages to the Romanian master. Still, a candy-colored bulbous goddess trumps a streamlined princess.

Though Price may have tipped his hat to Brancusi, his production has no precedent as clear as Jean Arp's.<sup>3</sup> From the 1930s to his death in 1966, Arp produced a series of bronze and marble sculptures that extended into three dimensions his early designs for whimsical clocks and curling moustaches. Every body here — and each of Arp's sculptures appears to be a body, even a classical body — seems deboned yet hardened, pared down to its essential form. They remind me of Barbara Morgan's famous photographs of Martha Graham contorting herself under a spread of fabric, a body in material trying to get out. One sees a similar dynamic in Arp sculptures such as *Pistil* (1950) and *Pagoda Fruit* (1949), which suggest nothing so much as tight contortions of cartilage. (Price seems to update these works in *Ceejay* [2011, pages 52–9], tautening and inflating their curves to the bursting point, then shooting them with auto body paint.) "I work until enough of my



Jean Arp  
*Pagoda Fruit*, 1949  
 Bronze  
 35 x 26 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 30 inches; 89 x 68 x 76 cm  
 Tate, London. Purchased from artist  
 (Knapping Fund), 1951



Barbara Morgan  
*Martha Graham, "Lamentation,"* 1935  
 Gelatin silver print  
 13 $\frac{1}{8}$  x 10 $\frac{7}{16}$  inches; 33 x 26.5 cm  
 Collection of the Haggerty Museum of Art,  
 Marquette University. Gift of Mr. and  
 Mrs. John Ogden

life has flowed into its body," Arp said of his sculptural work,<sup>4</sup> but to my eyes the life seems to flow from the inside out.

Though Arp's contemporaries also worked "organically" — Henry Moore and Barbara Hepworth share similarly windswept, sanded-down forms — only in Arp do we see this quality paired with the deep sense of pleasure and play that later appears in Price's work. In fact, it took a little time to see what Arp was doing. Donald Judd's review of a 1963 Arp exhibition offers a number of terms that transfer to Price as well: "One of the interesting aspects of Arp's sculpture, and a relevant one currently, is that a good piece is a whole which has no parts," he wrote.

The protuberances can never clearly be considered other, smaller units. [...] This lack of distinct parts forces you to see the piece as a whole. The wholeness that most of the sculptures have comes from the passionate sense of a body. [...] Because of the sensation of sensuous wholeness, Arp's work is never unspecific. [...] The single surface dominates the distensions and indentations.<sup>5</sup>

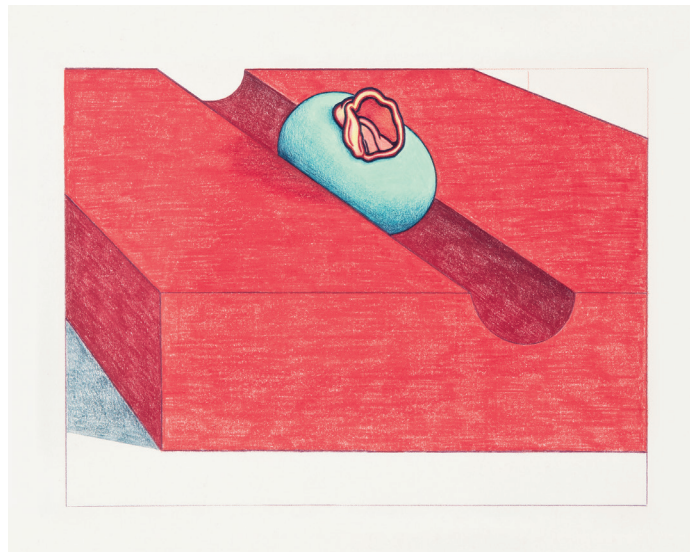
*Wholeness, body, surface.* These are the same qualities that make Price's work particularly significant today.<sup>6</sup>

Abstract sculpture — in fact, sculpture in all its forms — underwent radical reformulations in the 1960s. Judd's Minimalism, with its serial geometries, challenged the "composed" tradition of European sculpture, while other artists treated sculpture





Donald Judd  
*Untitled*, 1963–66  
 Light cadmium-red oil on wood  
 19½ x 30½ x 45½ inches;  
 49.5 x 77.5 x 116 cm  
 National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa  
 Purchased 1974



Ken Price  
*Specimen on Pillow Base*, 1968  
 Colored pencil and oil pastel on paper  
 15¾ x 18¾ inches; 40 x 48 cm  
 Private collection

as so many conglomerations of recovered detritus; think of Robert Rauschenberg's funky combines or Bruce Conner's moldering masses. The transformations that sculpture underwent were so great, in fact, that in 1968 William Rubin could single out Arp as "the last great sculptor in a tradition that reaches back through Brancusi and Rodin to the Greeks." By contrast, "the best sculpture of recent generations has derived from another tradition begun by Picasso with his collage-constructions."<sup>7</sup> One might go so far as to say that there were very few artists interested in the modernist trajectory of sculpture from the 1960s until recent reinvestigations. Price is exceptional in this regard; he kept close to a certain brand of modernism throughout his career. I think he was able to do so because he did not come to sculpture straight but rather through the back door of ceramics and craft.

Surely, other artists of Price's generation were also involved in questions of sculpture's objecthood. Clearly, Judd was; by championing Arp, he was able to take his tenets in another direction. He held on to wholeness and surface, but he placed the body outside the work. This would have to be the great difference between Judd and Price, and one wonders what the two made of one another. (Indeed, one can imagine Price fitting quite well in Judd's "Specific Objects" essay alongside Claes Oldenburg and Yayoi Kusama.) There is no writing by Judd on Price, at least not in print, but Price seems to have found something of interest in Judd's specific objects, if only a desire to exceed them. His 1968 drawing *Specimen on Pillow Base* places a small Pricean sculpture in the groove of an object that bears a striking resemblance to one of Judd's 1963 cadmium-red works. Judd's notion of the specific object and



Claes Oldenburg  
*Two Cheeseburgers, with Everything*  
*(Dual Hamburgers)*, 1962  
 Burlap soaked in plaster,  
 painted with enamel  
 7 x 14 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 8 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches; 18 x 37.5 x 22 cm  
 The Museum of Modern Art, New York  
 Philip Johnson Fund

his use of color certainly spoke to Price's practice, but for Price there appears to have been something missing in Minimalism. Despite its interest in materiality, Price insisted on a more overt — or perhaps more intrinsic — sensuality from sculpture. He wanted to get the angles out. He wanted to keep the contours in. (You can't get a body out of an object, his work seems to say.) It's a backhanded compliment, but Judd provided a pedestal for Price. In the *Specimen* drawing Price takes Judd's cadmium-red trough and adds a turquoise blue egg with a pink labial opening on top. *That's* sculpture, Price seems to say.

Given the sexual charge of much of his work, perhaps the most helpful counterpoint for thinking about Price is Claes Oldenburg, an artist who began his career around the same time but who has always stayed closer to subject matter in his work. From hamburgers to sneakers, Oldenburg has partaken in a kind of object pornography, offering commodities slathered with desire and bodily drives. His sexuality is base, crude, and dirty, his objects more akin to fetishes. "The erotic or the sexual is the root of 'art,' its first impulse," Oldenburg wrote in notes accompanying his exhibition *The Store* in 1962. "Today sexuality is more directed [...] towards substitutes, [for example] clothing rather than the person, fetishistic [*sic*] stuff, and this gives the object an intensity and this is what I try to project."<sup>8</sup> "I want people to get accustomed to recognizing the power of objects, a didactic aim," he wrote earlier in the same text. "If I alter, which I do usually, I do not alter for 'art' and I do not alter to express *myself*, I alter to unfold the object, and to add to it other object-qualities, forces."<sup>9</sup> For Oldenburg, showing this intensity usually meant showing



Ken Price  
*Liquid Rock*, 2004  
 Acrylic and ink on paper  
 18 x 14 inches; 46 x 36 cm

everyday objects warped and dripping. In contrast, Price's work is burnished and clean, polished and glistening. Instead of the pornography of the object, he offers up the drive itself — pornography in search of an object. For Price, however, the drive is sublimated, abstract.

In addition to the sexual, Price often conjured the natural as another point of comparison. In his later drawings Price often likened his sculptures to flowing lava, or at least that is the conclusion one makes after seeing his renderings of molten red fluid spewing out of a volcano. In my mind, however, Price's sculptures are less like lava than they are still lifes of plasma: electrically neutral unbound particles taking a rest. The sun is made of plasma, and so is blood, but today one most often associates plasma with plasma screens: televisions, handheld gadgets, and the like. Behind these hard plastic surfaces flow a multitude of gases ready to transmit a charge when touched. The surfaces of Price's sculptures are similar; they are smooth, loaded, and bright with color. Busy with an ecstatic static. (The surfaces of the late sculptures tend to be matte, but they are also more glowing.) It is as if the promise of dynamism and depth cleanly contained behind the hard surfaces of our interfaces has broken out and bodied forth. (I think this goes back to my first impression of the sculptures, reading their surfaces as screens.) A Price sculpture is plasma gone wild, then hardened, waiting to be charged again.

Computers did not make these contours, however; an enormous amount of craftsmanship did. Unlike the software-generated blobs of so much contemporary architecture, Price's were built up by hand. If you have ever seen a car in clay — a





*Bulgogi* emerges from a paint booth, Valencia, California, 2011

prototype before it hits the road — then you have some sense of what went into the production of Price's work. Men in plastic suits, sealed rooms, a huge amount of sanding and shaping of material. Harley Earl, who ran an automotive customization shop in Hollywood before being recruited by General Motors to pioneer the tailfin in Detroit, initiated this sculptural technique. For him, a clay car — stationary, going nowhere — was a work of art; it was a necessary step in order to feel the shape and heft of things to come. Remember that Price, living in Los Angeles in the 1950s, was a product of the Finish Fetish car culture. I think his sculptures sniffed some of Earl's fumes.

In Price's last large sculptures, however, computers finally played their part. These large sculptures are the true hybrid fruits, representing a different way of working than the one Price employed for the vast majority of his career. To produce these works he began by making a prototype in clay, which was subsequently scanned and turned into information. Price would then decide on a size to which he wanted it enlarged (he would typically make a rough scale model out of cardboard boxes). From there a CNC (computer numerically controlled) machine would cut out a foam dummy to the dimensions that Price had chosen. From the foam dummy a mold was made, and this was then filled with bronze composite — a thick mixture of bronze and fiberglass. When the product was pulled out, Price began the long process of patching and sanding the thing until it reached a perfect state. And after that he shot it with automotive paint. In addition to advanced architectural models, CNC machines are typically used to cut forms for the aerospace industry.<sup>10</sup> If Price's earliest works



Ken Price  
*Altoon*, 2005  
 Fired and painted clay  
 18½ x 21 x 16 inches;  
 47 x 53 x 41 cm  
 Private collection



Ken Price  
*Balls Congo*, 2003  
 Fired and painted clay  
 22 x 18 x 18 inches;  
 56 x 46 x 46 cm  
 Private collection

were vessels — remember the oversized mounds of jugs and the shot-happy tequila cups — his last works approach something of the status of vehicles.

There is a 1956 book called *Shaping America's Products* that I imagine Ken Price could have written a hallucinatory postscript for. Or, perhaps more to the point, I imagine that Ken Price always wondered what shaping America's products might mean. (His best works look like things we want but will never find a use for.) The cover of the book shows a plastic telephone, a streamlined radio, various swooping chairs, and the body of a young woman. America's products are not limited to commodities; bodies — and especially female bodies — are mass-produced now, too. Bodies and products have lots in common; their contours cling to one another. Subject and object, artwork and body — these divisions break down and overlap. Though critics have long discussed Price's work in terms of craft, it might be more productive to think about his work in relation to design — and especially postwar design when the question of shape, malleability, and modeling came to the fore. Ultimately, shape and body might have been the questions with which Price always wrestled. He sought to generate shapes for which no product would ever exist — even if his forms seemed at times to approach those of industry. There is too much excess to his work. What is significant about Price, however, is the way he holds on to abstraction's excesses, understanding that today it is not so much the Platonic power of specific objects that enchant us — the bedness of a bed, or the vaseness of a vase — but rather the seductive power of smooth surfaces that rapidly change from one thing to the next. Price's work shape shifts; it morphs. It always seems on the verge of turning



Ken Price  
*Yogi*, 2011  
 Painted bronze composite  
 48 x 68 x 60 inches;  
 122 x 173 x 152 cm

into something else, of letting go, of relaxing or skirting across the floor. A contour of his could suggest almost anything: a knee or a backrest or both at once. In his great poem "To Elsie," William Carlos Williams wrote, "The pure products of America / go crazy." Ken Price showed what it looks like when they do.

Aside from *Bulgogi*, Price's other late sculptures assume noticeably different shapes from those found in his earlier production. Gone are the sensuous swelling lumps and piles of distensions that we see in *Altoon* (2005) and *Balls Congo* (2003). Gone, too, is the psychedelic psoriasis of the late, blistered paint; here, the colors are rich, burnished, iridescent. The concert of torqued hot dog shapes — or are they fingers, or *digits*? — that begin to pop out of *Percival* (2009, page 28–39) and which comprise *Over* and *Yogi* (both 2011, pages 60–7 and 44–7) suggest a different kind of body altogether. One might think of these human-scaled works as "body builders." The tone here is also less playful than before. The sculptures seem tensed, as if their parts might fling out. Someone suggested to me that the shapes pare down the image of a curling wave — Price, after all, was an avid surfer — but when I first saw these sculptures I immediately glimpsed a hand cupped to form a C. Either way, there is a strong feeling of a pose being held in these works. *Yogi*, of course, suggests posing as well: a Yogi is a person who poses for a living. Perhaps more than any other practice, Yoga has become the emblem of our culture's cult of the body, signifying discipline, poise, and control. At the same time, it also represents the vulgarization of a spiritual practice into a commercialized lifestyle. Today's tightened Yoga body is held together by nips, tucks, collagen, and Vitaminwater. *Yogi* captures





*Ceejay* and *Spider Blue* in progress at Ken Price's studio, Taos, New Mexico, 2010

something of this duality: the age-old desire for spiritual discipline and the new need for a toned, seamless figure. An abstract sculpture in child's pose, *Yogi* speaks of a new, burnished body, perhaps an inhuman classicism. It captures our odd new reality in which skin every day meets screen. It channels Arp's *wholeness*, *body*, and *surface* for a new generation.

As I have already mentioned, the colors of Price's last sculptures are more somber than those of his preceding works. They speak of the tan metallics of a luxury vehicle, a Lexus or Infiniti. In *Lying Around* (2009, pages 20–3), a notably horizontal work that looks like something found in a Chinese banquet hall, there is a sandy golden finish. Still, one might wonder why the last sculpture Price made before passing away is black. (And to note this is to note how deeply involved, how seemingly in love, Price always was with color.) One might speak about death and mortality, but I think that would sell the work short. Beginning in the late 1980s Price ceased glazing his works and instead began painting them after they had been fired, whereupon a complicated process of building up colors and sanding them back down again began. The first layer Price always laid down, however, was black. Black was the base. One might say, then, that a sculpture like the black *Ordell* (2011–12, pages 72–5) is unfinished, that Price never had the opportunity to lay down additional layers. But one might also say that this *Ordell* is *definitively unfinished*, that it was left as it is to show the potentiality of things to come.





*Simple-istic* installed by Ken Price outside his studio in Taos, New Mexico, 2010

#### NOTES

1. Basil went on to record the smash hit "Mickey" in 1981.
2. Quoted in David Joselit, *After Art* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2013), p. 27.
3. "The idea of 'growth' reflects the additive, improvisational manner in which Arp modeled his sculpture, which distinguishes it from the reductionism of Brancusi," William S. Rubin has written. "Arp is interested less in the purified essence of the motif than in the multiplication of the poetic associations. Brancusi's sculptural process is centripetal, paring away to the simplest, most economical forms; Arp's is centrifugal, the work appearing to grow organically from a nucleus." William S. Rubin, *Dada, Surrealism, and Their Heritage* (New York: The Museum of Modern Art, 1968), p. 120.
4. Jean Arp, *On My Way: Poetry and Essays, 1912–1947* (New York: Wittenborn Schulz, 1948), p. 70.
5. Donald Judd, "Jean Arp," *Complete Writings, 1959–1975* (Halifax: Nova Scotia College of Art and Design Press, 1975), p. 92.
6. Like Price, Arp also went big at the end of his career, and for Arp, too, this new scale presented an opportunity to place work in nature. Arp's *Sculpture to Be Lost in the Forest* (1932) appears like a premonition; the artist often left similar pieces in the woods near his house in Meudon. If Arp dropped his sculptures so that they might blend among rocks, leaves, and trees, one is left imagining a location where a Price — with its wild colors — might disappear. Price's sculptures have an affinity with the natural world while at the same time marking a difference from it: his shapes appear natural and unnatural at the same time. They are somehow more like nature than nature is. They stand out even among valleys and chasms while teasing the forms found in an auto body shop. Perhaps that is what is unnerving about them: their conjunction of the natural and the artificial leads them to be perpetually out of place.
7. Rubin, p. 121. Rubin had already traced this tradition in his 1961 exhibition "The Art of Assemblage" at the Museum of Modern Art.
8. Claes Oldenburg, "The Store and Other Writings," *Claes Oldenburg: October File* (Cambridge: MIT Press, 2011), p. 93.
9. *Ibid.*, p. 90.
10. Of course, Price had connections with both these fields. Price's good friend, the architect Frank Gehry, incorporates similar technologies in his designs. Having lived much of his life in Southern California, Price would have been very familiar with the aerospace industries there, which many of his fellow artist-friends, such as Robert Irwin and James Turrell, incorporated into their work.

*Lying Around*, 2009  
41 $\frac{3}{4}$  x 93 x 61 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches  
106 x 236 x 156 cm









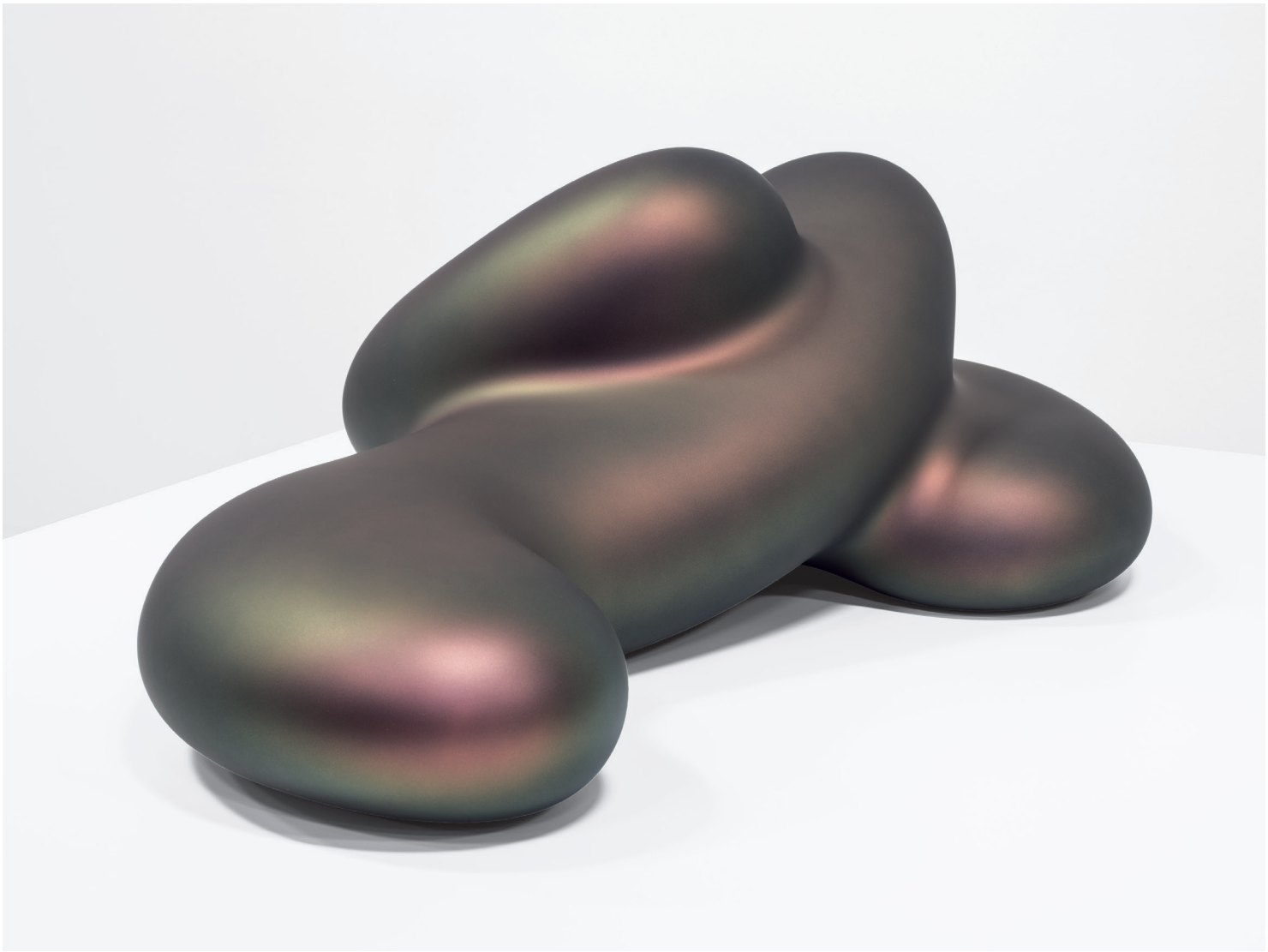


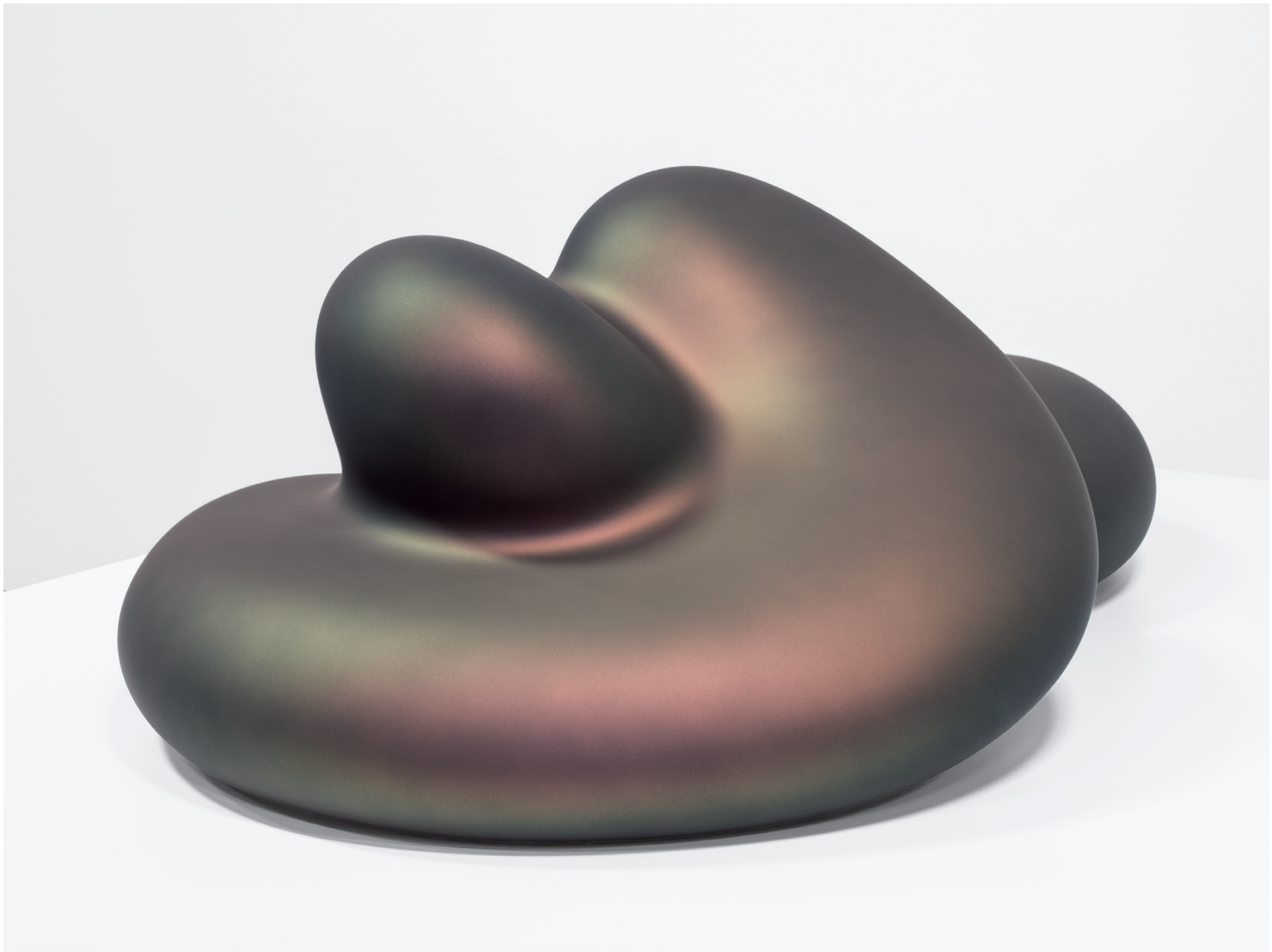


*Simple-istic*, 2009  
18 x 51<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> x 33<sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub> inches  
46 x 131 x 86 cm









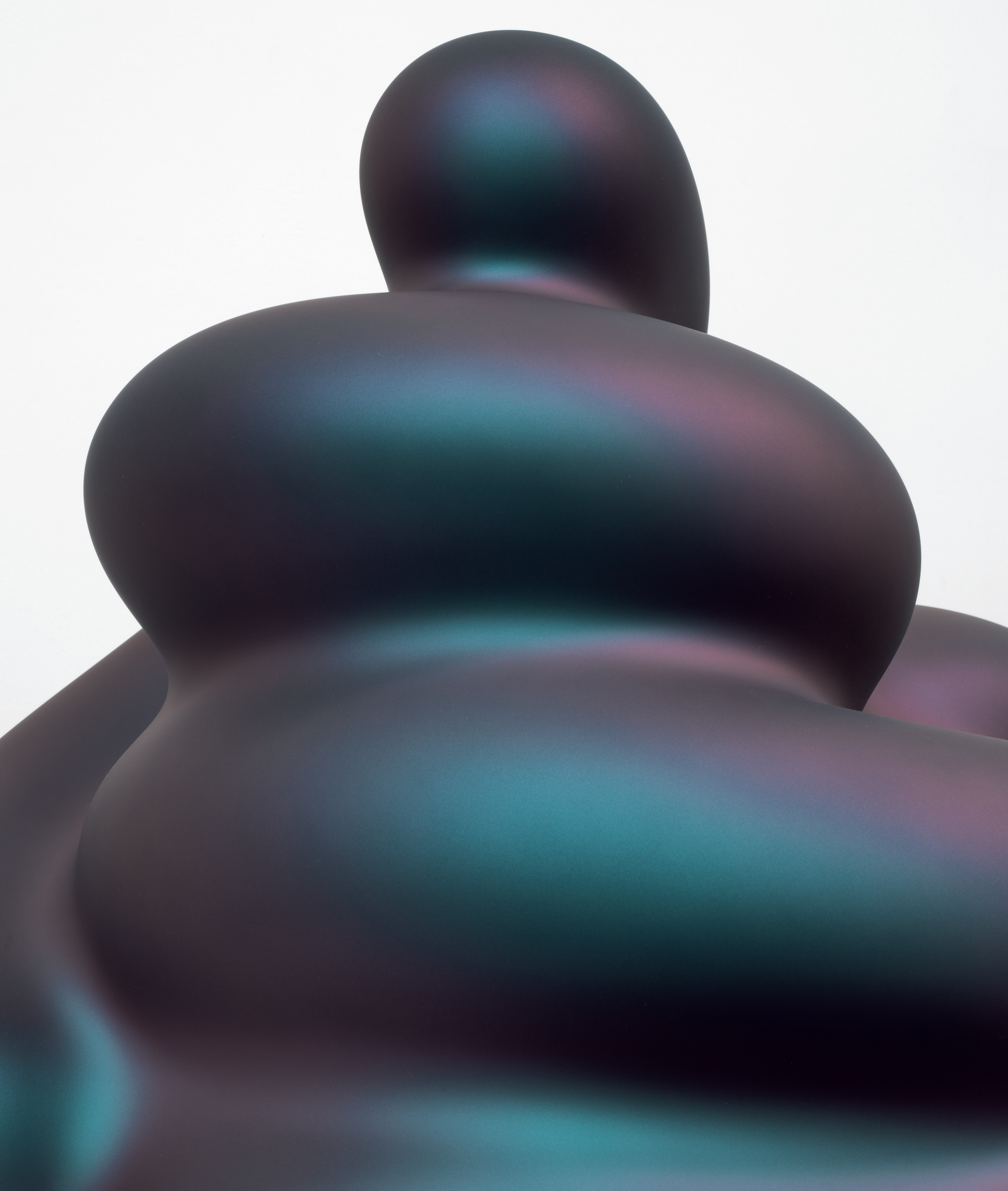
*Percival*, 2009  
34½ x 45⅜ x 41 inches  
87 x 115 x 104 cm













*Percival*, 2009  
34½ x 45⅜ x 41 inches  
87 x 115 x 104 cm









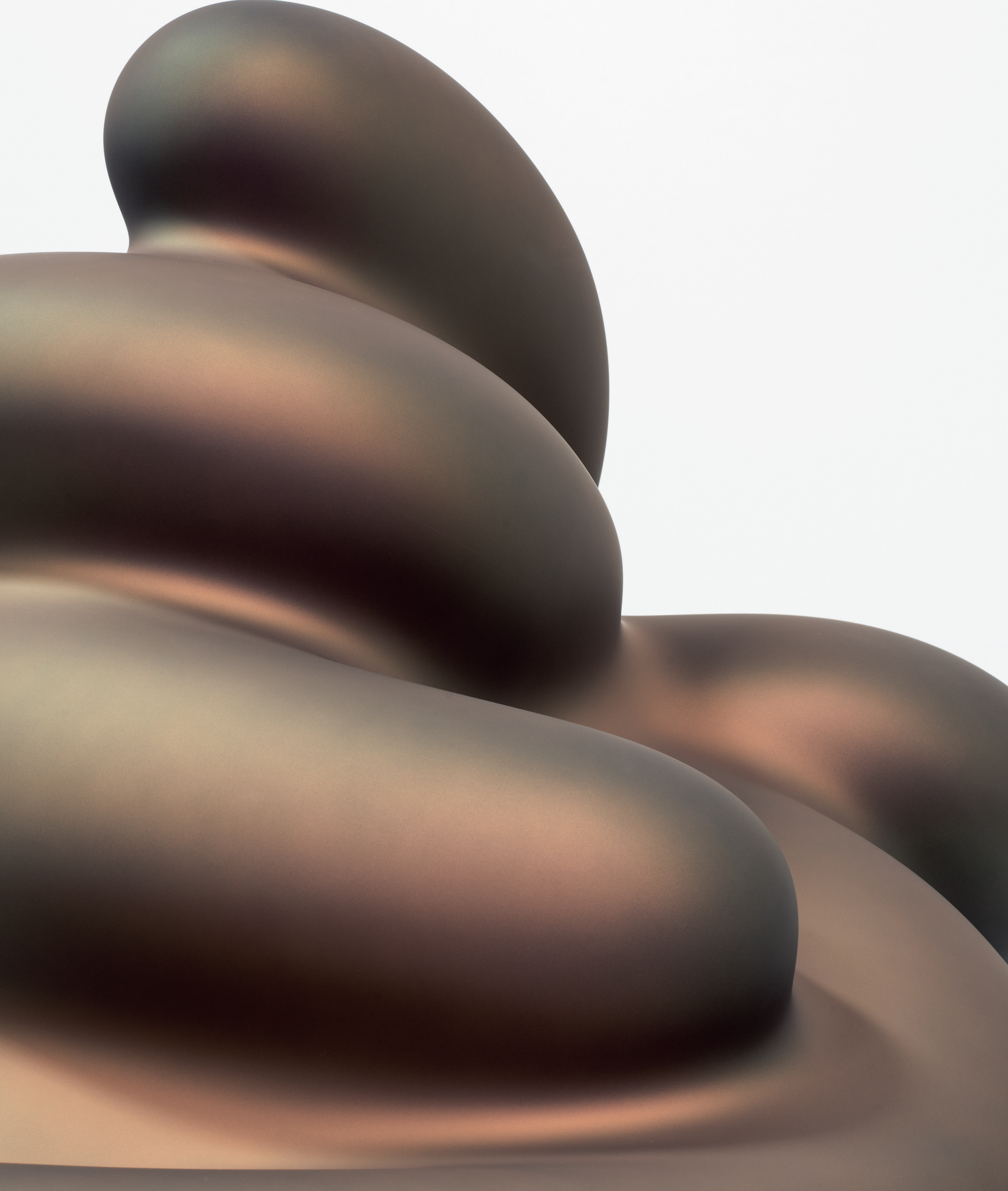
*Percival*, 2009  
34½ x 45⅜ x 41 inches  
87 x 115 x 104 cm









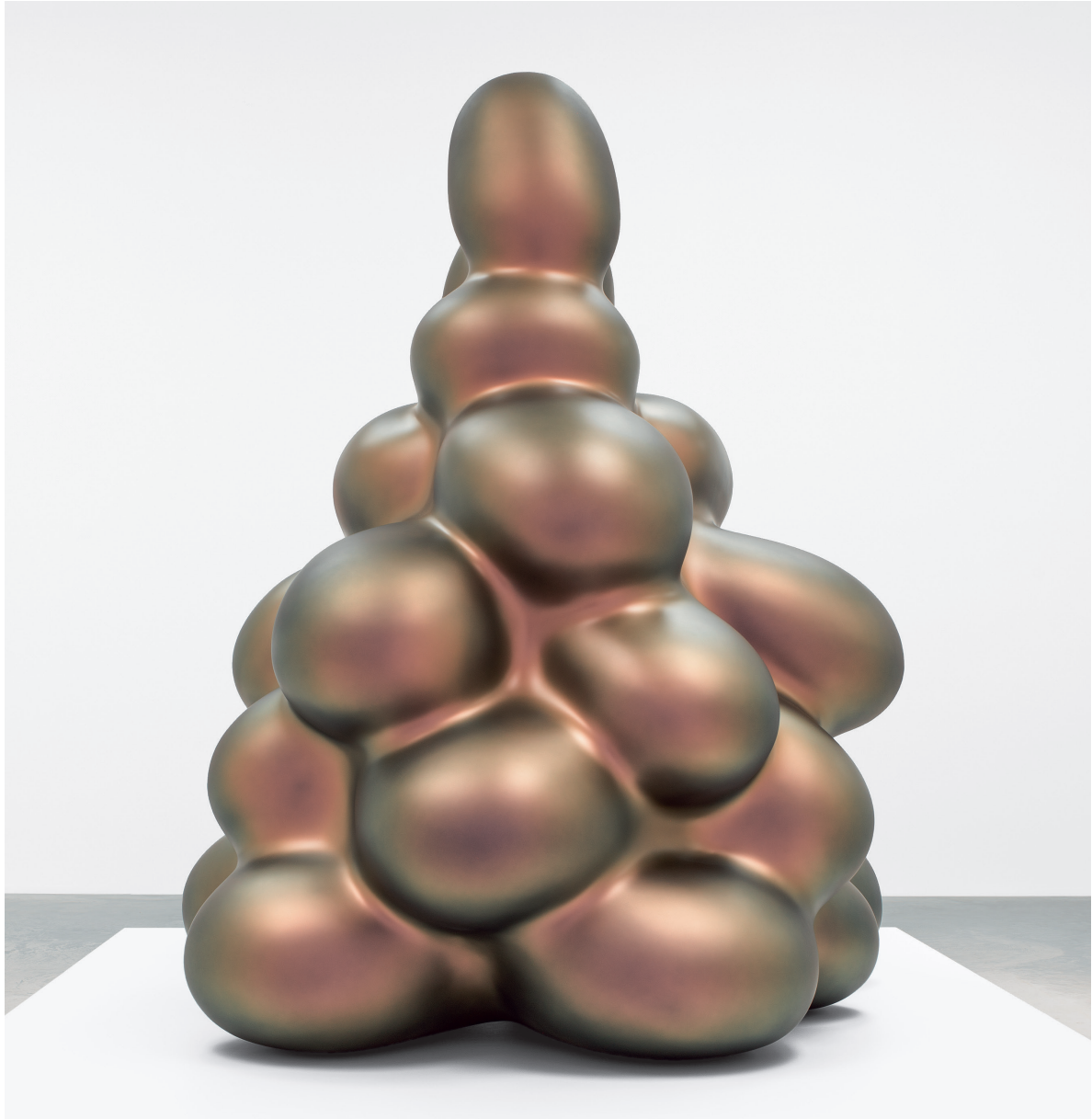


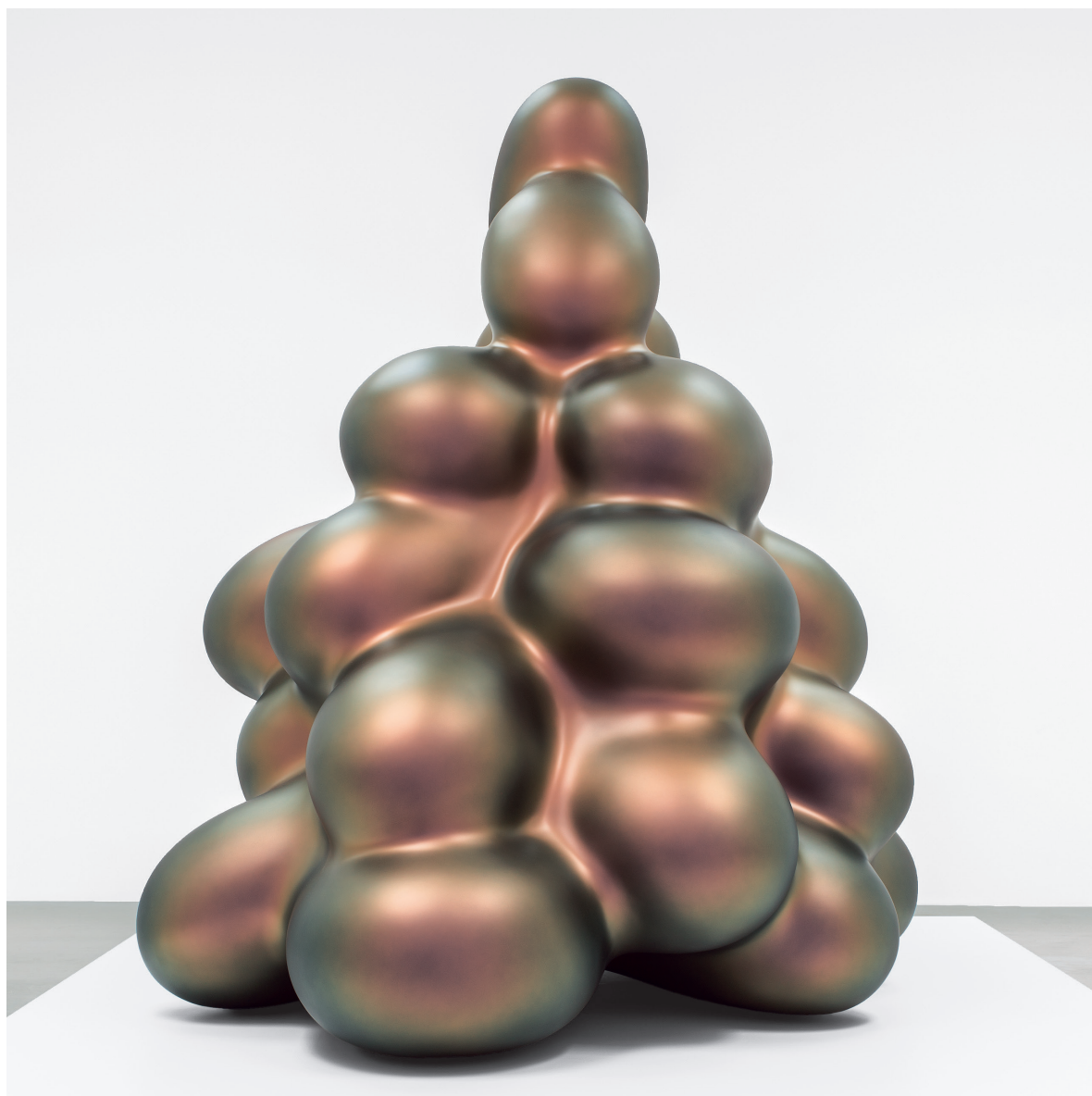


*Bulgogi*, 2006–11  
84 x 80 x 72 inches  
213 x 203 x 183 cm











*Yogi*, 2011  
48 x 68 x 60 inches  
122 x 173 x 152 cm









*Spider Blue*, 2011  
42 x 22<sup>3</sup>/<sub>8</sub> x 36 inches  
107 x 57 x 91 cm









*Ceejay*, 2011  
48 x 48<sup>3</sup>/<sub>8</sub> x 46 inches  
122 x 123 x 117 cm













*Ceejay*, 2011  
48 x 48<sup>3</sup>/<sub>8</sub> x 46 inches  
122 x 123 x 117 cm











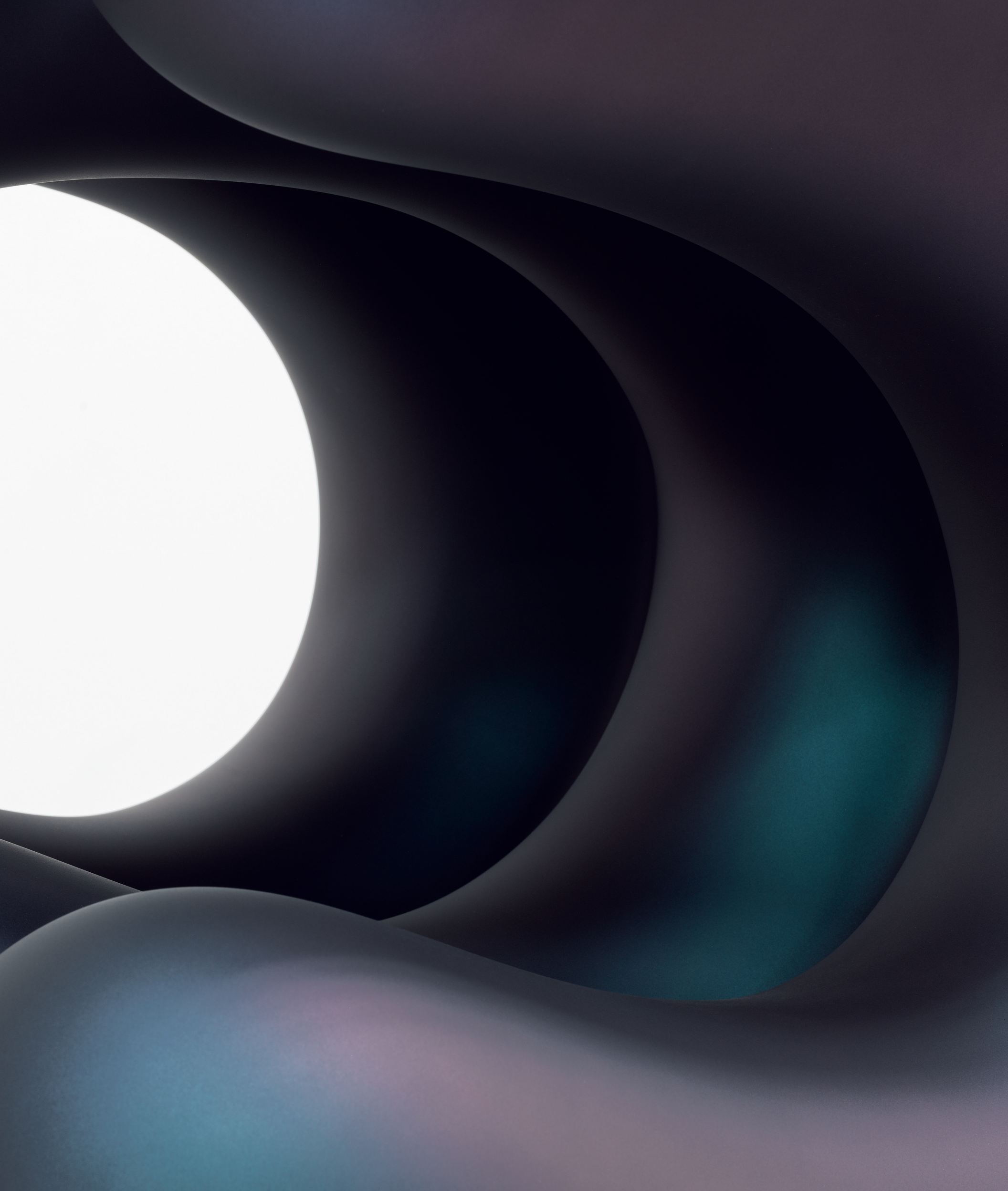
*Over*, 2011  
30 x 28 x 45½ inches  
76 x 71 x 116 cm













*Over*, 2011  
30 x 28 x 45½ inches  
76 x 71 x 116 cm











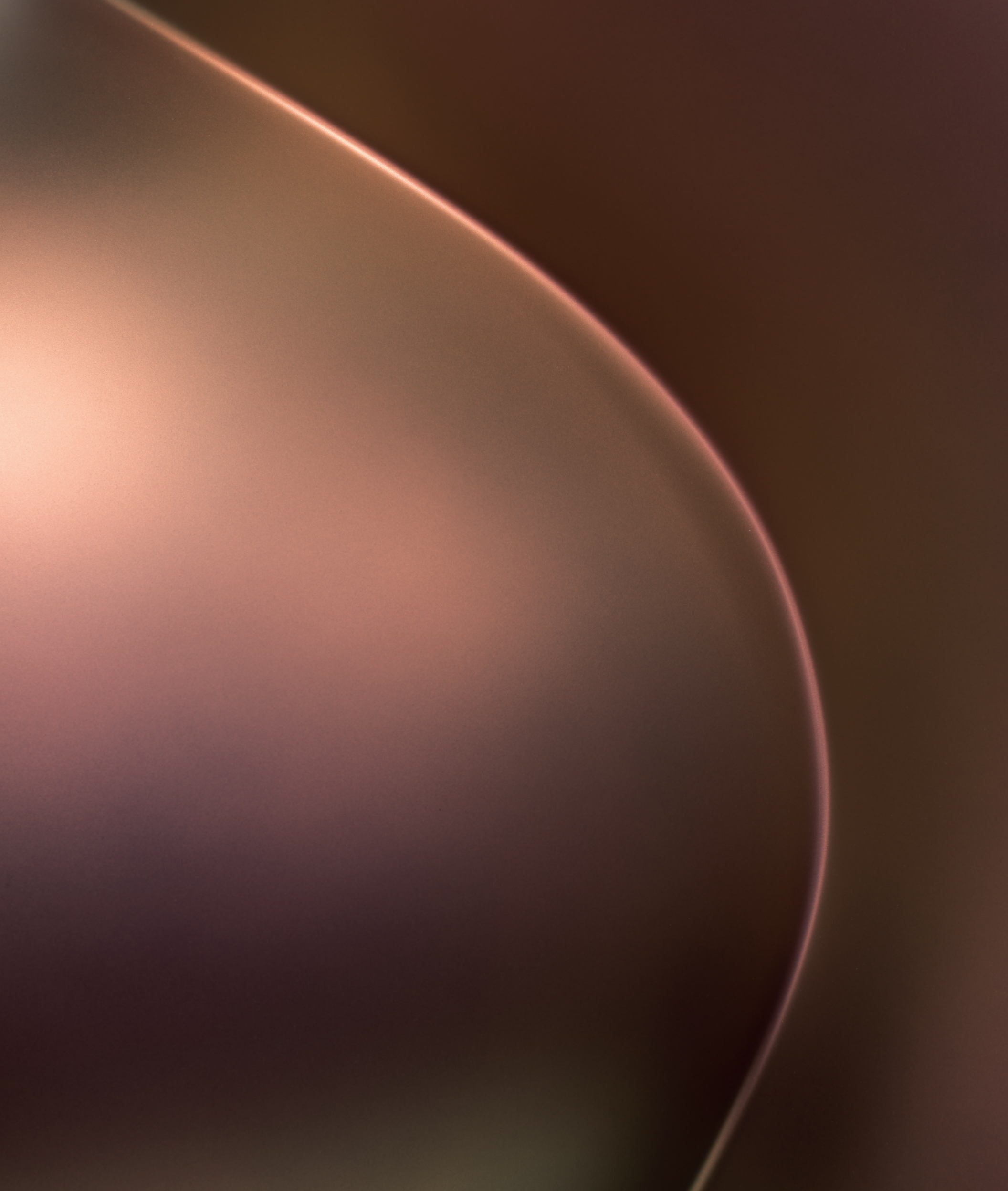
*Ordell*, 2011  
48 x 52 x 54 inches  
122 x 132 x 137 cm













*Ordell*, 2011  
48 x 52 x 54 inches  
122 x 132 x 137 cm











## List of Works

All sculptures are painted bronze composite.

*Lying Around*, 2009  
41¾ x 92 x 61¼ inches;  
106 x 236 x 156 cm  
Unique

*Simple-istic*, 2009  
18 x 51¾ x 33⅞ inches;  
46 x 131 x 86 cm  
Edition of 3 plus 1 AP  
One cast painted with green acrylic  
and three others with bronze urethane

*Percival*, 2009  
34½ x 45⅞ x 41 inches;  
87 x 115 x 104 cm  
Edition of 3 plus 1 AP  
One cast painted with red acrylic, one with  
blue urethane, one with olive-green urethane,  
and another with bronze urethane

*Bulgogi*, 2006–11  
84 x 80 x 72 inches;  
213 x 203 x 183 cm  
Unique

*Yogi*, 2011  
58 x 68 x 60 inches;  
122 x 173 x 152 cm  
Edition of 3 plus 1 AP

*Spider Blue*, 2011  
42 x 22⅞ x 36 inches;  
107 x 57 x 91 cm  
Edition of 3 plus 1 AP

*Ceejay*, 2011  
48 x 48⅞ x 46 inches;  
122 x 123 x 117 cm  
Edition of 3 plus 1 AP  
Two casts painted with violet urethane  
and two others with green urethane

*Over*, 2011  
30 x 28 x 45½ inches;  
76 x 71 x 116 cm  
Edition of 2 plus 1 AP  
One cast painted with blue urethane  
and two others with violet urethane

*Ordell*, 2011  
48 x 52 x 54 inches;  
122 x 132 x 137 cm  
Edition of 3 plus 1 AP  
One cast painted with black urethane  
and three others with bronze urethane

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Frontispiece: *Ordell*, 2011

Pages 78–9: *Simple-istic* installed by Ken Price in 2010 outside his studio in Taos, New Mexico, with Happy Price's greenhouse in the background

Page 80: Ken Price at his Taos studio, 2011











